

SOUTH-SAXON ODE.

RECITATIVE.

UPON a Time, not long ago,
As *LUCIFER*, incognito,
Travell'd on Earth, the *Cacodemon*
O'ertook a plain *South-Saxon* Yeoman;
Who, like his Ancestors, true hearted,
Thus, with a Song, himself diverted.

AIR.

Tune. *Puddings and Pies.*

Oh, cou'd we but see the great K—t of the Azure String
Aloft on a Tree in his dignify'd Gar--r swing!
With Mirth and good Cheer, we'd crown the jovial Day,
And once again, Liberty! Property! we'd huzza.

RECIT.

Whence does this wond'rous Mortal, Satan cry'd,
These Imprecations merit? *Hodge* replied,

AIR.

Tune. *Of a noble Race was Shenkin.*
From his Court Magazine, Sir,
Of Titles, Penf--ns, Places,
With Bribes opime, or Ribbands fine,
He his Dependants graces.

RECIT.

Lucifer. So good, so powerful a Master they
Surely with utmost Gratitude obey.

AIR.

Tune. *A Cobler there was.*

Hodge. Oe'r Money-Bills, Treaties, Conventions, Excise
Civil List, Votes of Credit, or farther Supplies,
Open mouth'd stand his Myrmedons ready to bray,
Till Sir B- give the Word, with a Yea! my Lads! Yea!
Derry down, &c.

But shou'd some true Patriot attempt to promote
The good of the Nation, he'll soon change their Note;
Bring Place Bills, Enquiries, Impeachments in Play,
Adz-ds! cries their Pay-master, nay! ye Dogs! nay!
Derry down, &c.

RECIT.

These necessary Instruments, apply'd
Secundum Artem, Satan smiling cry'd,
Are th' only human Props to save a State,
Tott'ring upon the very Brink of Fate.
When Quacks in Politics, quoth *Hodge* prescribe,
Well may the Commonwealth to Ruin run.
Our Purse is drain'd C--rt Sycophants to bribe;
By Peace we're beggar'd, and by War undone.

AIR.

Tune. *March in Scipio.*

Long Time the *British* Lion had struggled, but in vain,
Himself to disentangle, and break his galling Chain:
At length, got loose, he roared with Aspect so severe,
As made the Dons to tremble, and B— to rave and swear;
His Commons must be shorten'd, his curst Teeth be broke,
Then let him roar at Liberty to all the World a Joke.

RECIT.

Wisely resolv'd! quo' Satan, to prevent
Too great Effusion of dear human Blood:
From all you've said, I find his whole Intent
Is ever to promote his Country's Good.
Good, with a Vengeance! honest *Hodge* rejoins,
I'll tell you, Sir, whose only Good he minds.

AIR.

Tune. *Two Gods of great Honour.*

Whilst R--n so sharp is, with his Tribe of Harpies,
To squeeze a whole Nation his Coffers to fill;
Where lights his Affection, who finds his Protection,
But he that can bring the most Grist to his Mill?

His cowardly Juggling, Stock-jobbing and Smuggling,
Have monstrously fatten'd Sir B--- and his Crew;
Whilst Trade is declining, the Nation lies pining,
Pray tell me whose Good has he most in his View?

RECIT.

What Man, with even common Sense endow'd,
Says *Lucifer*, whilst Fortune gives him Leave,
Wou'd not promote his own and Kindred's Good?
'Fore *George*! cries *Hodge*, I plainly now perceive,
You stand so firm an Advocate for Evil,
You either are Sir R----- or the Devil.
Old Scratch, discover'd, now was fain to yield,
And left the Yeoman Master of the Field.
Him soon surrounded a determin'd Crowd
Of *Suffex*-Voters, true of Heart and Tongue,
Who ne'er to W---e's golden Image bow'd,
And in well-meaning Chorus thus they fung.

CHORUS of SOUTH-SAXON ELECTORS.

Tune. *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

South-Saxon Voters, who remain
From vile Corruption free,
Who ne'er let Bribes your Honour stain,
Nor fold your Liberty,
One Devil has been vanquish'd now,
Him that remains we'll next subdue.

With a Sergison! huzza!

Let ev'ry neighb'ring Kingdom's Fate
Teach *Britons* to beware,
In Time to see the Secret Bait,
And shun the Fatal Snare:
Whene'er they shew the gilded Pill,
Reject the tempting Offer still.

With a Sergison! huzza!

Your Ancestors their Liberty
Undauntedly maintain'd;
'Gainst all encroaching Tyranny
They bravely made a Stand.
Oh! let this dear-bought Freedom be
Insur'd to your Posterity.

With a Sergison! huzza!

Your *Kentish* Neighbours still remain
Unmov'd in Freedom's Cause,
Against all C--rt Intrigues maintain
Their Liberties and Laws.
Let their Examples fair inspire
Your honest Souls with equal Fire,

For a Sergison! huzza!

Then once again we might behold
True Patriotism prevail:
No venal Tools expose for Gold
Their Consciences to Sale:
But all concurring in their Choice,
Unite as one with Heart and Voice.

For a Sergison! huzza!

All Pen--rs and Pl--cemen's Toils
Wou'd then be spread in vain;
With Ease we'd disconcert their Wiles,
And all their Threats disdain.
In short—to make them mute as Fish,
We'd toss a C--ve's H--d in their Dish.

With a Sergison! huzza!

CUT-24XON D E



